

Sweet Mother of Mine

MNI

Of the iconic “easy” things to do such as eating pie, being blind to your mother's flaws – be it a minor issue or something as blatant as being borderline abusive – may even be easier. So the first time your significant other comes up to you and says something along the lines of “Your mother hates me and wants me to fall off the face of earth,” you might find it a bit too easy to brush off.

After the first few incidents (read: trauma for the significant other), you don't get down to the gritty little details of the things you “subconsciously” do to manage surviving in the same household for years. Instead you smile and tell your significant other to “just be nicer to ma.”

Subdued by your irresistible smile, you might find your significant other convinced to pull off something special for your mother like maybe labour all day for her birthday. For a while you watch them together with no sign of anything obnoxious or hurtful – you sigh, stretch and crawl into a hole of self-satisfaction. The shadow of doubt that your own mother is playing the part of bogeyman in your relationship does not linger for too long.

First you notice the sly comments; so sneaky that you wouldn't even catch it unless your beloved looks at you wincing like his or her face is on fire. It starts with the “subtle” hints at how some other person (more often than not the ex) would have done this or that better. You find yourself between a rock and a hard place – you aren't able to confront Mommy Dearest because of her said subtlety and you can't point out the existence of your metaphorical spine to your significant other.

Once you are forced to “open your eyes,” it becomes uncomfortably hard to shut yourself away from the cir-

cumstances. After the comments, you notice the demeaning looks directed towards your dearest, the barked out orders as if he/she were your mother's waiter at a low-end restaurant, and the general tone of disgust, the same one that you had unwittingly grown too accustomed to even notice.

Your significant other, if he/she still is such afterward, deserves hugs and/or gifts. Lots of hugs and/or gifts. Meanwhile as they heal, or at least try to, you find yourself shivering at the thought of having to go over this with your delightful mother who brewed enough to stir this dread toward an actual conversation.

Despite hoping for any chance that your little soul might be spared of the talk with your mother, you find yourself awkwardly standing behind her while she cooks or cleans and walking away only to retry a minute later. After pinning a still awkward but okay timing, you bring up the topic of your significant other. Terror and genuine fear seeps in as you watch your mother's pupils widen dramatically.



As the general script goes, it starts from “It's because I care about you” to a detailed breakdown of everything (attitude, hair, skin, nails, the freckle under his/her left forearm which you never even noticed, you name it) that is wrong about your now apparently not-so-better half and the opposite gender altogether. Now, you do realise you should probably say something, anything, in defence of your significant other, but you are forced-fed the belief that it was out of a good-natured “motherly instinct”.

The only saving grace is that the next time you hear the panicky voice of your partner asking you “have you talked to her yet?” you can finally answer with an affirmative. How the conversation progressed is not particularly pleasant, but can you really expect anything otherwise?

Mommy Bear has her fierce side, especially when it's regarding your potential life partner. Your entire life is going to be on an endless repeat of the aforementioned case because, don't be silly, mothers don't tire, ever. Ma sure does know best.

TURNING INSOMNIA INTO PRODUCTIVITY



MASHIAT LAMISA

I started staying up late until dawn during the vacation after my SSC exams. It all began with me getting trapped into the fabulous and addictive world of binge watching sitcoms and TV series throughout the nights. Most nights I could be found in the corner of my room, holding on to the edges of my laptop and weeping, or laughing or, blankly staring. It all went downhill from there. My sleep cycle changed and I could be seen sleeping more in the classroom than on my bed at night. There were times when I had to spend a whole night staring at the ceiling simply because I just couldn't sleep; neither did I have the strength to get up and watch something.

On nights when I would get lucky and fall asleep by 1 am or so, my eyes would shoot open at 4 am, causing thoughts of several kinds to take over my mind. So I figured, I'd have to do something about this awful situation and use the extra time my insomnia was granting me to do productive things. Here are a few things I do on nights I become an owl:

Making Lists: I think I am the kind of person who gets their heads crammed with chores, deadlines, and must-do obligations. As long as I don't dump these things out of my head on paper or set reminders on my phone, I can't do things right. So on nights like these, I sit with my pen and paper and make lists of all that I have to do in the coming days. That way, I save time and pretty much sort out when and where I will be in the next few days. This really calms me and sometimes, if I'm lucky, I can sleep afterwards.

OnePotChefShow: Yes, that's right. At 2:45 am, when I desperately want to fall asleep and I can't, I watch OnePotChefShow's videos on YouTube over and over again. The watching part might not be too

productive but you can learn new recipes from these videos. I remember making pancakes and oven baked cheesy chips for my mother one morning (because I had spent the whole night learning how to make these). Maybe you'll even figure out how badly you want to be a chef after this. Productive, right?

Learning something new: I started learning to speak Spanish during one such night. And for 20 minutes every night, I now practise Spanish and am happy that at least my sleeplessness is going to help me learn another language.

Hands on: This is my favourite thing to do. YouTube channels like HGTV, #Origami and others are really great for learning life hacks, DIY things etc. These channels are so cool that they can easily inspire you to make something out of nothing in seconds, no matter where you are. Making these don't take much effort but are incredibly fun.

Write write write: I generally use my notepad instead of my laptop to write during these hours. If there's something I feel like writing about, I write. Otherwise, my slouched back holding a pen and a blank paper really helps me to ignore the world and fall asleep. Believe me, if there's a writer in you, there's no better time to express yourself than the wee hours.

Even though it might seem like insomnia is a dreaded disorder, it doesn't have to be. Insomniacs like Charles Dickens, Margaret Thatcher and many others came up with their ideas in the middle of the night. Who knows, maybe insomniacs like you and I will find our ideas too!

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